



THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this its twentieth year, it can, with truth, claim to be the oldest, largest and best newspaper in the Territory.

Subscription Rates:
One Copy, One Year, \$7.00
Six Months, 4.00
Three Months, 2.50
Single Copies, 25

Advertising Rates.
One inch (10 lines of type) in columns, \$3.00 for first insertion and \$1.50 per line for each additional insertion. A liberal discount from above rates will be made to persons who advertise largely by the year, half year or quarter.

Persons sending us money for subscription, advertising or job work, may forward it by mail, or otherwise, at their own risk.
Legal Tender Notes taken at par in payment for subscription, advertising and job work.
T. J. BUTLER, In advance invariably.
Address all orders and letters to "THE MINER," Prescott, Arizona.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. H. McDANIEL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Prescott, Yavapai County, Arizona.
Will practice his profession in the Courts of the Territory.

COLES BASHFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Tucson, Pima County, Arizona.
Will practice his profession in the Courts of the Territory.

MARK W. MUSGROVE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Greenwood City, Mohave Co. Arizona.
Civil and Criminal business solicited.

JOSEPH LESENE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Mineral Park, Arizona Territory.

J. N. McCANDLESS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office North Side of Plaza, Prescott.

JOHN W. LEONARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office East Side of Plaza, Prescott.

H. H. CARTER,
Probate Judge, Justice of the Peace
and Conveyancer—County Building.

J. P. HARGRAVE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office East side of Plaza, Prescott.

JOHN HOWARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office South Mount zuma St. Prescott.

J. T. ALSAP,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Washington Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

J. L. FISHER,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.
Salesrooms, North Side of Plaza.

J. GOLDWATER & BRO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.
Ehr-berg, Arizona Territory.

WILLIAM JENNINGS,
City Marshal and Night Watchman,
Attends to Calls at all Hours.

WILLIAM A. HANCOCK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public and Conveyancer,
Corner of Washington and Montezuma Streets, Phoenix.

JOHN W. CLARK,
McCAFFERY & CLARK,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Tucson, Pima County, Arizona.

Will attend to all legal business as partners except in cases where the United States is a party to the action.

RUSH & WELLS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Prescott, Yavapai County, Arizona.

Will strictly attend to all civil business entrusted to them in the several Courts of Record in the Territory. Abstracts of title to Mining Claims and Realty accurately prepared. Prompt attention given to collections.

PIONEER

RESTAURANT, BAKERY & SALOON,

First building south of the MINER Office, Prescott.

New House—New Everything.

The undersigned most respectfully informs the public that this new place, which stands on the ruins of the building recently destroyed by fire, is now open for their accommodation, and that he will be pleased to sell them.

GOOD BREAD,

PIES, CAKES, ETC.

Board, per week, \$5.00
Single meals, 75

THE SALOON DEPARTMENT

Will always be found well stocked with pretty good Drinkables and Cigars. DAN. HATZ.
Prescott, Arizona, December 23, 1874.

ANTELOPE RESTAURANT.

Gurley Street, North Side of the Plaza

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

The Proprietor of this Restaurant respectfully announces that he will spare no pains in catering to the wants of his patrons. Meals will be furnished at all hours of the day, and the table supplied with game and the choicest delicacies that can be procured. Everything clean and served up in the best style. Board, per week, \$10.
T. WHITEHEAD, Proprietor.
Prescott, November 23, 1874.

ELIXIR OF PERUVIAN BARK WITH PRO
Wade of Iron at KENDALL'S Drug Store

PRESCOTT.

New Store.—New Goods.

WM. M. BUFFUM

Has just received, and now offers for sale, at his

NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE,

(Next door to the old stand of Campbell & Buffum.)

The Best Selected Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever Brought to this Market.

The entire stock is NEW AND FRESH consisting in part of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

CLOTHING

MENS AND BOYS HATS

Boots and Shoes,

PERFUMERY & TOILET ARTICLES.

PATENT MEDICINES,

HARDWARE, TIN & WOODENWARE.

CROCKERY, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

PAPER HANGINGS, LAMPS, CLOCKS,

Mining and Farming Tools,

And other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the lowest market prices for cash.

WM. M. BUFFUM
Prescott, July 7, 1874.

JOHN G. CAMPBELL,

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA,

Wholesale and Retail

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

WINES, LIQUORS,

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS,

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING

HATS, BOOTS & SHOES,

LADIES DRESS GOODS

AND UNDERWEAR.

LADIES AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

MINING & FARMING TOOLS.

SADDLERY, CUTLERY & HARDWARE

CHINAWARE,

GLASSWARE,

CROCKERY,

TINWARE,

FURNITURE,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

GLASS,

PAINTS,

OILS,

VARNISH,

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

LOOKING GLASSES,

LITHOGRAPHS AND CHROMOS

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

PERFUMERY,

TOILET ARTICLES,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

A competent dinner, constantly employed, will make all kinds of Tin, Copper, and Sheetiron work. Jobbing in this line promptly attended to.

JOHN G. CAMPBELL
Prescott, Arizona, September 4, 1874.

PIONEER

DRUG STORE.

Prescott, Arizona,

On hand and for Sale.

AYER'S, JAYNE'S, BRISTOL'S

BULL'S AND HALL'S

FAMILY MEDICINES.

And a full assortment of the best

Patent Medicines

Now in Market—Warranted fresh and Genuine.

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES,

SOAPS, PERFUMERY,

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

[We know not the author of the following lines, but all will agree that nautical phrase never was more beautifully interwoven in sentiment of the heart's best love for those we cherish with the highest, holiest and purest affection.]

Farewell mother—blessed bulk—
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
His cable soon may slip;
Yet, while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist
In duty to the ship.

Farewell mother—first-class she—
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me for the voyage;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister, lovely yacht;
But whether she will be manned or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George—the jolly boat—
And all the little crafts about;
In home's delightful bay,
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom prove the weather-gauge
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,
And though we never may meet again,
Through weathers of stormy weather;
Yet, summoned by the Board above,
We'll anchor in the port of love,
And all be moored together.

CURIOUS GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM.

We had an opportunity of witnessing last week the novel way in which the native California sheep-herders celebrate Good Friday. Lack of space compelled us to reserve a description of it till to-day. The evening before Good Friday they make a straw Judas Iscariot, giving him arms and legs of sticks neatly dovetailed. This effigy they place in a corner, and near it a box. Every native Californian then applies himself to stealing anything and everything he can lay his hands on. Old boots, rags, old combs—all go into this receptacle, together, sometimes, with articles of some value. It is an authorized theft, and everyone takes his losses good-humoredly. Having filled the box in this manner, the straw Judas makes his will, which is effected by a vote of the participants, and leaves the box and its contents to some one of the celebrants, most frequently to the Major Domo or the Captain of the Shearers. It is then opened, and the owners of the articles have the privilege of redeeming them. The proceeds of this novel custom of redemption have to be applied by the legate to the purchase of a couple of kegs of beer for the refreshment of the crowd. If the articles happen to be, as they do frequently, of trifling or no value, the legate of Judas is very little assisted in defraying the cost of the carouse which follows.

The next step in the proceedings is a curious one. Having disposed of all his earthly possessions, which the person favored by his bequest heartily wishes might have included the thirty pieces of silver, a wild celt is issued. Upon this untamed creature the effigy of Judas Iscariot is securely strapped, very much after the fashion with which Mazepa was familiarized in the Ukraine steppes, and a cut of the whip starts the horse off in a frenzied career. Of course the effigy suffers a good deal under this energetic treatment. When the celt is pretty thoroughly worn out, a vaquero lassos him, Judas Iscariot is taken from his back and what remains of the apostate is burned to fine ashes. After these singular ceremonies, the carouse follows, the details of which are about the same in every quarter of the world. [L. A. Express.]

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—It is a fact not generally known that the value of the leather product of the United States is greater than the value of the iron product. The following statistics will be of interest: During the year 1870 there were in the United States 4,237 tanneries and 2,082 curing establishments, employing 20,812 men, and using 255,350 cords of bark. A capital of \$55,024,290 was invested in the business, and the aggregate sum of \$12,088,430 was paid as wages to the workmen. The value of the product exceeded \$286,000,000, while the value of the iron business was less than \$100,000,000, of the cotton manufacture less than \$178,000,000, of woollen goods less than \$208,000,000. To a greater extent than most other articles, leather, when worn out, is an absolute loss, as it can not then be utilized to any great extent. Iron, and most other articles above mentioned, when worn out are utilized, and perform important functions in the economy of uses.

MORE ABOUT DR. GLENN.—Our readers have heard much about Dr. Glenn, and the immense amount of wheat he sold to Friedlander, which was shipped from South Valley. The Dr. is going into the grain business very extensively again, and from what the Dixon Tribune says, he is likely to realize his expectations of gathering a crop this year aggregating 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. There are just about 35,000 acres in wheat just on the eve of heading out, and if no unforeseen catastrophe befalls it, his calculations are by no means extravagant. The doctor has leased out this immense field—for all this 35,000 acres is in one enclosure—to four tenants, while he occupies his time in looking after the balance of his large land interest. This Glenn farm, it is entirely safe to assume, is the largest purely grain-growing ranch on the American continent. [Vallejo (Cal.) Independent.]

PORTABLE FORGES are among the latest conveniences of the day. They are made of all sizes and for all kinds of work, and will forge anything that a blacksmith can handle. When we also state that a convenient size for working drills and picks can be bought for the price of a large sized bellows, and can be carried around on the back of a small "burro," mining and mill men will appreciate some of their advantages. They supply their own wind, carry their own tools, and in fact do everything but furnish the required charcoal.

THE NAME OF GOD.—It is singular that the name of God should be spelled in four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; in Greek Zeus; in Hebrew, Adon; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syrus; Tartarian, Igan; Egyptian Amon or Zent; East India, Esji or Zeui; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wal-labian, Sene; Marican, Ess; Swedish, Dodd; Irish, Dieh; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios, and Peruvian, Llan.

MONTEZUMA.

GENTLE LITTLE INDIAN PROTEGE—THE STORY OF HIS CAPTURE AND PURCHASE—THE BOY'S REMARKABLE PROGRESS IN HIS STUDIES—REMINISCENCES OF HIS WILD LIFE—HIS OPINION OF KISSING.

[From the Chicago Tribune of March 21.]

Mr. Charles Gentile, the photographer at the southeast corner of State and Washington streets, has for a protege a little Indian boy of the Apache tribe who, although he has only been two years and a half since he left his people, is thoroughly imbued with the tastes of civilization, and is so bright and intelligent without as to give fair promise of arriving at future distinction. A reporter of the Tribune had a talk with the little fellow yesterday, some account of which may be interesting to the reader. Before entering into conversation with him the reporter had a talk with Mr. Gentile, in which the latter told:

HOW HE CAME BY HIS PROTEGE.

Mr. Gentile has knocked about the Far West a great deal, and his recital made an interesting narrative, the substance of it being as follows:

"I had visited and prospected," he said, among many Indian tribes north of California as far as the borders of Alaska, spending five years in traveling through Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, around about the Northern Rocky Mountains, and also into Vancouver's Island, an island that, for magnificent scenery, rivals Switzerland. Although I had traveled a good deal of the time with only Indians for companions, I never had any very serious adventures, and really never had a fight with the Indians or saw an Indian killed. I found the country was too tame for me. Her Britannic Majesty having her redskins in pretty good subjection. Almost all the principal chiefs, and some among the Modocs whom we had an unpleasantness with some time ago, had banners that had been presented to them by Catholic priests, with the inscription, "Religion, Temperance, and Civilization," and decorated with the Papal symbols. In 1867, I thought I would go to regions where things were more lively. I was told by J. Ross Browne and others that the red man could be found in his natural state of pure "cussedness" in the wonderful Territory of

ARIZONA—

that the Apaches, who had not changed from their original savage condition, would afford any one in search of Indian adventure all they could stand up to, and more too. The first few months I spent among the Pimas and Maricopas, who live in the centre of a great desert, and who are and have been from time immemorial the implacable foes of the Apaches.

In the early part of 1868 I had my first taste of

INDIAN ADVENTURE OF THE REAL SORT.

"An acquaintance of mine had a herd of cattle grazing a few miles out of Tucson, the Capital of Arizona, with a guard of about fifteen men well armed to watch them. On the 3d of March the Apaches attacked them and ran the cattle off. Gen. Crittenden, who was in command of the Territory at the time, started out with a body of troops in pursuit of the savages, and I went along. We were out about two months, and I had a lot of interesting adventures which I would take me too long to tell you. Among them was a hard fight with 600 redskins. In 1872 I started out with Gov. Safford, of Arizona, who, by the way, is from Illinois—in search of some wonderful gold mines. There were about 200 miners in the party, and we had some fights with the Apaches. During a fight we had with one of their war parties, the Pima and Maricopa Indians attacked their village, which was almost defenseless in their absence, and destroyed, killing and driving away the Apaches and taking some captives. We fell in with them shortly after, and Monty (the diminutive he generally applies to his Indian protege) and his two sisters were in their possession. I persuaded them to

SELL HIM TO ME,

and a friend of mine took the two girls. Since then Monty has knocked about with me and picked up a knowledge of our language. About a year ago he began to go to school, and is getting along first-rate. He was christened Carlos Montezuma by a Catholic priest, and his age when I got him, as nearly as I could ascertain, was 6 years, so that he is now 8 years and 6 months old."

MONTY

was introduced to the reporter, and, hauling a chair up alongside, sat himself down with cheerful alacrity. He has the high cheek bones and broad face of the Indian; his nose is rather broad and depressed, although nothing similar to the Indian type. He has the swarthy skin and coarse black hair of the Indian, but his brown eyes dance with fun, and his smiling address and bright, intelligent manner are altogether the reverse of the stolidity of expression generally seen in the Indian. Monty is rather superior in aptness and intelligence to boys of his age, and is, apparently, thoroughly civilized. He chatted along with the reporter, perfectly at ease and unembarrassed, and answered questions with engaging frankness and naivete. My name is Montezuma; that's what Mr. Gentile called me. My father called me Wassaja. I don't know what that means. My father's name was Kerlyuva, and he was a Chief. He had two wives, but I don't recollect my mother's name. My sisters' names were Washputa and Ullachkab. Do you know what that means? "said he, smiling. "No," said the reporter. "Why, that means nose," said he, chuckling over his superior knowledge.

The reporter inquired into

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS CAPTURE.

"There was a fight at our village," said he, "and the Pimas took it. It was about 3 o'clock in the night. My father was away at another village, and the fighting men were mostly away, too. My mother was killed, and I and my two sisters were captured. I thought they were going to kill me, and when I saw Mr. Gentile I thought he wanted to get me to kill me. I thought the thing you take pictures with (the camera) was a cannon. They had me two or three days before Mr. Gentile bought me."

Reporter.—What made you think Mr. Gentile was going to kill you? Didn't you know anything about the white men?

Monty.—Mr. Gentile was the first white man I ever saw. I did not think it was a pretty color, and was afraid of him. I had heard of white men before. I heard that they ate fish and had big noses. We never

ate fish in our tribe. I thought that the white men made the horses too.

The reporter then proceeded to make inquiries in regard to

HIS MODE OF LIFE

before capture, and drew out from him the following statement: "I used to live in tents then, and wore buckskin clothes. We used to move around the country, and in the winter went down in the valley. It is warm out in Arizona, but cold in winter. We had deer, birds, corn, wild berries, and some roots to eat."

Monty tried to explain about some root they used to eat a great deal, but could not think of the name, and appealed to Mr. Gentile, who said it was the root of the century plant, which grows to a very large size in Arizona. The Indians bake the root in a sort of clay kilns they construct. It is very sweet, with a pineapple flavor. Monty then went on:

"We had hard times sometimes, and did not get enough to eat. They did not treat me kindly either, and used to beat me, and drive me out of the tent. I was sorry to lose my father and mother, though, but afterwards when I saw some of our ribs at an agency (Camp Date Creek), a squaw told me that my father was there, and told me to run away. I told her that I would not—that I had nice things to eat now. I used to play with the other boys. We used to shoot a good deal. We had a thing painted red; I forget its name, but it was big like a pumpkin. We used to roll it down the mountain, and see who could hit it the most. Then we used to play war, and shoot at each other. We used to yell and hide behind trees, and shoot when we saw anybody. I got stuck all over my legs, and I have been stuck so bad that it was hard to get the arrow out. We used to have stone points to them."

THE REPORTER ASKED HIM WHAT WERE THE

RELIGIOUS NOTIONS OF THE TRIBE,

but he did not know much about the subject. He laughed when he added: "I'll tell you what's funny; they think the good man lives below, and the bad man is up above. They used to think that if they killed snakes the man above would get angry. They used to have war-dances and scalp-dances. They put the scalps on a pole and jumped about it in this way," said he, capping about. "They brought in white scalps once, and had a white man. They were going to let him off once because he had the small-pox, and then one hit him over the head with a hatchet and killed him. I did not see him, but heard them talk about it. We had doctors, too, and when anybody got sick, they used to rattle things in stones and sing."

The reporter then asked Montezuma about his travels and

HOW HE LIKED CHICAGO.

Monty—I went to Washington first, but did not like the place. I don't recollect much about it, but there were lots of niggers there, and I don't like niggers. Then I came to Chicago, and went to school. I liked school pretty well at first, but I don't like it so much now. I study the Third Reader and arithmetic, and am in multiplication. I went first to a public school at Hyde Park, lately I have been going altogether about a year. The boys sometimes tried to plague me at first, but when we got acquainted it was all right. I go to Sunday school too. The other boys took me. I used to go to the Cathedral on Washington street on the West side. I like Sunday-school pretty well.

Mr. Gentile came up and teased Monty about his

UNGALANTRY TO THE FAIR MRS. ROUSEY

She took an interest in the little fellow, as does every one who meets him, and one day last week kissed him—a proceeding which, although he was too polite to resent, he did not relish. "I don't like kissing," he explained to the reporter, "Indians don't kiss."

Monty's quickness and intelligence supply a fund of anecdotes concerning him. The first English words he learned consisted of the verse beginning, "Mary had a little lamb," and it has ever since been a favorite quotation with him. Some time ago, when he wished to go out and play, he was refused permission because of the snow. He took it a great deal to heart, and looked out of the window disconsolately. After a while he took up "Mary had a little lamb," and recited over it, and soon, with a cheerful laugh, broke out with

Mary had a little lamb;
She had about a year,
The lamb got mud one day
And walked off on its ear.

Monty fraternizes with boys of his age, and is expert at all games. In marbles he is so successful as to accumulate them by hundreds. He can play cards, chess, and checkers with remarkable skill, and is very quick at mental calculation. He does not exhibit any of the vindictive traits of the Indian character, and Mr. Gentile says he is unique among Indians. He is good-natured and obliging, is perfectly truthful and honest. He does not suffer at all from any prejudice against him, as his force of character soon commands the respect of his school-fellows. He is bold as a lion, and can thrash the average boy of 13, so that he is not imposed on. His vocabulary is larger than that of children of his age, and his quickness is such that he is considered a boy of bright promise. Mr. Gentile will send him to dancing school next winter, and he will finish his education in Europe, probably in Italy, as he shows a taste for music, which, if it develops, will be cultivated. Altogether Carlos Montezuma is a very interesting little fellow, and develops traits of amiability and intelligence that one might think were alien to the savage and cruel Apache Indians.